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## MOTIVES.

THE knowledge that we are rational beings, and that as such we should ever well consider ere we determine to act, seems to have induced the general belief that action, or the omitting to act, is always preceded by some immediate impelling motive. Accordingly, the imputing of motives is one of the most common occurrences in life. No matter what the nature of the subject—be it great or small, important or non-important—straightway it is believed to have had its origin in some motive. If a party give the right, instead of the left side of the way, he is supposed to be actuated by some preconsideration; if he address you as dear sir, instead of my dear sir, there is no doubt about it; if he subscribe himself yours obediently, instead of yours faithfully, it is equally certain; if he omit to take wine with you, the whole affair is as clear as the light of day. Now, nothing can be more incorrect than this view—nothing more true than that on ordinary occasions we all act independently of any motive whatever. In going home from the city, for example, we perhaps invariably walk on one side of the way, although we may have no motive for doing so—not even that of convenience. Perhaps we are occasionally taciturn, and not disposed at all times to be conversible; and yet it may be that for such silence we have not a single discoverable motive. Every or anything else but motive may have an influence in producing the particular state or occurrence complained of or remarked on. Habit, peculiar temperament, accident, thoughtlessness, unavoidable circumstances, may each occasion its portion of the results usually attributed to this otherwise certainly important cause of men's actions; but they are all overlooked in an account of the matter. One party will become exceedingly suspicious at the non-answering of a letter, another very angry at the omission to acknowledge a bow or other compliment. The correspondent in the one case had simply forgotten the letter of his friend—a great offence no doubt, but still not so important as that imputed—and the offending party in the other had omitted to return the bow or other compliment from mere inadvertence. Now, had anything but a motive been thought of, or rather had no motive been assigned, all would have been right. But no: we are, as I have observed, reasonable beings, and therefore must be supposed to act at all times with a view to results and consequences.

Motives are of course divisible into good and evil; and a good motive, if imputed, cannot well be productive of unpleasantness or inconvenience. The misfortune, however, is, that we are more prone to attribute the evil than the good. This unfortunate propensity is occasionally productive of serious consequences. On the occasion of the non-answering of a letter requiring an answer, as on that of the non-return of a compliment,

if a motive be imputed at all, it cannot be a favourable one; hence coolness, severance of friendship, quarrels. In that of simple taciturnity, we have all the evils resulting from a false conviction of pride, ill-feeling, desire of concealing some important circumstance, as influencing the party disposed to hold his peace. How much more good feeling would there be in the world, and how much more friendly communion among those inhabiting it, were it but possible to eradicate this erroneous practice!

One great reason why it should be eradicated is, that the evil or injustice remains not against the party improperly suspected, but reflects in an equal degree upon ourselves. It is a veritable principle in moral as in physical science, that like begets like. Let us attribute improper motives, and we shall find that the same will be attributed to us; nay, we shall perhaps also discover that the other party begins to suspect that there was good reason for that which possibly arose from accident or inadvertence. On the other hand, let us impute those which are good; and if there be one single spark of feeling or principle in the composition of the party to whom we attribute them, we shall find that he will reciprocate; and whether he have good feeling or not, that he will give us credit for having deserved a good opinion, or at any rate will not conclude that we merited the neglect which had been exhibited towards us. These principles are in daily operation. Apart from the subject of motive, which perhaps implies some circumstance with which we are individually connected, let us unjustly accuse an individual of a desire to act unfairly, and we shall discover that he repels the charge with indignation. Let us give him credit, equally unjustly, for a desire to do that which is honourable, and we perceive that he endeavours to deserve it. Our feeling and passions seem so constituted, as reciprocally to act on their like when excited. Thus benevolence acts on benevolence, anger on anger, pride on pride, and self-esteem on self-esteem. Every one knows how the principle operates with respect to the education of children; and it is only to be regretted that it is not more generally regarded in riper life.

It may be true that to impute good motives at all times would be ridiculous. There are certain circumstances under which they cannot be presumed to exist, and which of course are not included in these remarks. It may be also true that in imputing them, we sometimes throw our own conduct open to misconstruction. This can only be, however, when we act without due regard to a principle, and when we impute good motives at one period and bad at another, just according as our whim and caprice dictate. It cannot happen where we make it the rule always to adopt the former course, until we are certain that we are wrong in doing so. In imputing a good motive, we may occasionally find that we have

been mistaken; but the mistake will be on the better side; and it will never occur that we have committed an injustice, or that we have unnecessarily and foolishly lost a friend.

### PLANTS YIELDING FOOD.

WHETHER we look upon the vegetable kingdom with the eye of the poet, the naturalist, or economist, we find it alike replete with matter for reflection. To the latter, indeed, it presents a twofold interest; he can at once admire the beauty and multiplicity of its forms, and the value of its products. For the perfect comprehension of its importance, however, it is necessary that he know it botanically; that is, that he be acquainted with the various orders of plants, and their relations to soil, climate, and other conditions; for, without such knowledge, he can never obtain from vegetation the full amount of its utility. Nor is it to any one section that the economist must direct his attention; for, from the lowest members—the *fungi*, to which belong the mushroom and truffle; and the *algæ*, which yield the carrageen or Iceland moss—up to the higher forms that produce our grains and fruits, every member of the vegetable kingdom has its interest and value. It is somewhat wonderful, therefore, considering this fact, that we have no general treatise on the *Natural History of Plants Yielding Food*; but that the ordinary reader, to obtain any information on this point, must search amid systems of botany, of materia medica, dictionaries of commerce, books of travel, &c. and even after all reap but little from his toilsome pursuit. This desideratum may arise partly from the present imperfect state of our botanical knowledge, and partly from the undecided hypotheses respecting animal nutrition; but chiefly, we presume, from the reluctance which men of science absurdly feel in condescending to inform the common mind. In this particular we believe them grievously mistaken: there can be no degradation in attempting to elevate the knowledge of the masses, and they know little of the true condition of our population if they suppose that there are not among them hundreds of thousands capable of appreciating the facts of any of the sciences, if expounded in plain and perspicuous language.

It would seem, however, that this void in popular instruction is already in course of being supplied, for we perceive that several of our popular institutes have been favoured with lectures on the very subject in question. The Manchester Royal Institution, for example, has recently had a series of lectures by Dr Edwin Lankester, on the *Natural History of Plants Yielding Food*—a published synopsis\* of which has led us into the preceding reflections. This outline, brief as it is, abounds with valuable information, and presents the subject in a light so attractive, that no one who sits down to its perusal, but will regret with us that the author should not have extended it to five hundred instead of to fifty pages. As specimens of the style and manner, we select one or two of the commonest subjects—again premising that Dr Lankester's remarks are merely in outline, not in finished lectures.

\* *Coffee*, which is consumed by man in considerable quantities, is the produce of the *Coffea Arabica*, so named from its growing spontaneously near the town of Caffa, in Arabia. Recourse has been had to the use of coffee much more recently than to that of tea. We have no earlier notice of it than 1554, when it was used at Constantinople as a common drink; but it was forbidden, in consequence of its supposed intoxicating properties; and it would seem as if there were no way more likely to make people fond of anything than to interdict it. In 1580, Prosper Alpinus, a traveller, brought it to Venice, and described the means of raising it. In 1610,

it was grown by the Dutch in the West Indies; and in 1652, coffee-houses were established in London. The people of England got passionately fond of this beverage; and in 1675 it was supposed to have an injurious effect on the constitution, and all coffee-houses were therefore suppressed. But another reason was probably this, that people assembled together for the purpose of drinking coffee, and there laid plots supposed to be dangerous to the state. The native countries of coffee at present are Ethiopia and Arabia Felix. It there reaches from 14 to 15 feet in height; is an elegant shrub with white flowers, and has all the characteristics of the class *exogens*. The fruit is a red berry, and in this red berry is contained a little seed, covered with an envelope, botanically called parchment. These seeds vary in different districts and various parts of the world.

On a chemical analysis, coffee gives a large number of constituents. It gives two or three parts of caffeic and gallic acids, and a narcotic oil mentioned by several writers, but denied by others. However, there was no doubt that it did possess a narcotic oil, even in its raw state. It had also an alkaloid, named *caffein*; and it is very remarkable that the composition of this is identical with that of *thein* (derived from tea); they were, in fact, one and the same thing, obtained from two different plants. This is very remarkable:—500,000,000 pounds of tea are consumed annually; next, 300,000,000 pounds of coffee are consumed annually in the world, the matter of both beverages containing the same salt. This does seem to point out that there must be something in this salt; that it was not mere accident that led mankind to use two things which undoubtedly act in the same way. Coffee acts in the same manner as tea upon the system, and we use it precisely under the same circumstances: one might be substituted for the other: the only difference is that of flavour: those who like coffee may take it, and those who like tea may take it, with precisely the same effect. However, the preparation of coffee, and the changes which take place in it, will produce some change in its constituents. The coffee is not eaten in the state of the raw berry, but is roasted, during which certain changes take place; an empyreumatic oil is developed, in conjunction with the acids spoken of, and this renders coffee, in some points of view, a different thing from tea. This empyreumatic oil, like all other oils, has the power of arresting decay; and if, as Professor Liebig and Dr Playfair maintain, the action of digestion is very similar to that of decay, and this resembles the process of fermentation, then, as the empyreumatic oil will stop this process out of the body, in all probability it will do the same in the body; and thus we can account for the injurious effects of taking coffee immediately after taking large quantities of food. We arrest the process of digestion; and, instead of assimilating the food, we stop its assimilation, and a large mass is thus kept in the stomach a longer period than usual; the consequence of which is, that a feeling of heaviness and indigestion takes place. Thus we see there is a limit to the use of coffee, which we cannot put to the use of tea, which may be taken after meals, and used so far as the narcotic oil is concerned; but it is only right to observe, that large quantities of any fluid after heavy meals are altogether incompatible with facilitating the process of digestion.

There has been lately some attention paid to an article which was formerly introduced into France as a substitute for coffee, namely, *chicory*. This plant grows in the greatest abundance in the south of Europe, and is also indigenous to Great Britain. It is found in abundance in the long magnesian limestone tracts of Nottingham, Yorkshire, and Durham. The root of this plant has been actually used as a substitute for coffee. He had on the table some of the dried roots, in the state in which it was employed. The decoction was coloured very much like coffee; but, when boiled alone with water, had a much less agreeable flavour. Why had it not been used alone? Because in chicory we have no alkaloid; we have no

\* Report of Lectures on the Natural History of Plants Yielding Food, with incidental remarks on the Functions and Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Delivered by Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Churhill, London: 1845.

oil; we have a quantity of resinous matter; a certain quantity of a matter closely resembling *lactucarium* (a narcotic substance obtained from the common lettuce), and which is the only constituent for which chicory can be used. All chicoraceous plants possess a milky juice, in which resides a narcotic element. Chicory, then, he believed, could not in any way be used as a substitute for coffee. It had not been examined carefully, and therefore he did not pledge himself to the examination of that particular; but it had been proposed as an addition to coffee, and used extensively as an adulteration to coffee. He wished to draw the distinction between the addition of chicory to coffee, and the adulteration of coffee with chicory. In France, where they use more coffee than we do, chicory is added in small quantities, and persons will not drink coffee without it. It has been used in this country by the fraudulent seller to adulterate coffee; but he had no hesitation in stating that coffee, prepared with small quantities of chicory, was much more pleasant to the taste, and less liable to interfere with the process of digestion, than when taken without chicory. He was not prepared to explain how this was; but still we might find something in chicory which combines with the oil of coffee, so as to render it comparatively less injurious. Thus chicory was added throughout France and the coffee-drinking part of Germany, to prevent these supposed ill effects of coffee. Persons in this country, when not aware that the coffee is adulterated with chicory, or that it has chicory in it, prefer it with this addition. He knew a respectable coffee dealer who conscientiously objected to put it in. He kept on selling his coffee, but lost gradually almost all his customers for that article. He was not able to account for it at all; but an old lady, who had long been his customer, at length said, "You don't sell such good coffee as your neighbour." He examined his neighbour's coffee, and found chicory in it, which might easily be detected by throwing some of it into water, when the chicory will float. The next coffee he sold to her he added some chicory, and she said, "Now your coffee is very good." He added some to his commonest coffee, for his own use, and his wife exclaimed, "My dear, you have been giving us some of your best coffee." Then he added a little to the coffee of his stock; and soon he did not send out a pound of coffee without chicory, and his coffee trade is now larger than ever. There was this to be said too; at one time it was the law that a person adding chicory to coffee was liable to a penalty for adulteration; but government had now legalised the addition of chicory to coffee, and it might be legally added. He would say to those who were in the habit of grinding their own coffee, that they really would find it an agreeable addition to purchase chicory, and add a little to it. They would then be sure that the dealer did not add too much chicory, which was in fact the real danger; chicory being a much cheaper article than coffee.

In the same pleasant manner Dr Lankester treats of tea and its proposed substitutes; of Paraguay tea; of potatoes, arrowroot, tapioca; of wheat, rice, maize, and the other grains; of vegetable oils, of cocoa, and the edible nuts; of acid fruits, as the orange, lemon, apple, &c.; of sugar and the sugar cane; of the grape; and of the numerous products of fermentation, as wine, beer, and spirits. From this inviting field we select another common example, once more recommending the whole to the best attention of our readers:—

Wheat, so extensively used as an article of food, is the produce of a plant called *Triticum hybernium*, belonging to the natural order *Graminaceae*, or grain-bearing plants, which, although so apparently insignificant as to contain all the common grasses that prove such pests in our gardens, also included wheat, barley, oats, rye, millet, maize, and the sugar-cane. We were lost in attempting to trace the origin of the use of wheat amongst mankind. It seems to have been used from time immemorial, and there is no question that the earliest records in the Bible refer to this form of

wheat. He showed stalks in ear of wheat, barley, and oats, and observed that the grain was merely the fruit of the plant. In preparing the grain for food, the pericarp or covering of the seed was separated in the form of bran, and all that was used was the interior, which was really the seed. Wheat is cultivated extensively throughout Europe and several other parts of the world, and forms the great basis of European food; and the importance of attention to its cultivation had become much more apparent from the investigations of modern chemists. Wheat contained certain principles which we could supply from without. Previously to our knowledge of this fact, we were in some difficulty as to the proper way to supply food to this plant, so as to obtain from it the greatest quantity of nutritious matter; but the investigations of chemists had led us to see what were really the elements of which wheat consists. The principal components of wheat are starch, gluten or fibrin (protein), and a certain number of inorganic constituents, and these were found not to be unimportant in wheat. Although we had starch maintaining the heat of the body, and protein building up its fabric, we had still these other ingredients hitherto regarded as unimportant; and one of these was phosphate of lime, of which the bones of animals were composed; so that these particles in the wheat were taken into the system to build up the bony fabric of the body; and had we not this small portion of phosphate of lime, our bones would not acquire that hardness necessary to maintain the muscular fabric laid upon them.

One of the simplest modes of preparing flour was that of which he had specimens on the table, in the form of a vermicelli and macaroni; which substances were prepared by moistening flour and passing it through moulds, so as to give the substance its form. This wheat contained a different kind of starch from that of ordinary European wheat, or it would not be able to assume that form. The subject had not been sufficiently investigated how it was the Italian wheat assumed this form so much more readily than other European wheat. Macaroni was used in puddings, pies, &c. and, as well as vermicelli, was introduced into soups, and was an exceedingly agreeable article of diet. Another preparation of wheat flour was called "farinaceous food." It was a secret preparation, and was sold by persons to be used as food for children, being merely flour submitted to heat; and, so far as he was aware, he believed nothing of an injurious kind was added to it. The advantage of submitting flour to heat, previously to preparing it, was, that the little cells of starch were thus burst, and the starch was then more readily acted upon by the stomach. This pointed out the necessity of cooking, so as to burst the cells; for, when used as food without previous cooking, the starch was not so easily digestible. This would account for the fact, that many fruits eaten raw were not easily digestible. Many fruits contain considerable quantities of starchy matter, and subserve the purpose of respiration on that account; and these fruits, such as apples, pears, &c. would be much more easily digested in the stomach, if previously heated. Bread was the principal form in which flour was cooked; and there were two modes of making it—fermented and unfermented. The advantage of fermenting the flour was, that, thus prepared, it was lighter and more easily digestible than the unfermented bread, such as captains' and sea biscuits. In the process of cooking, a fermentation went on very analogous to that in sugar for the purpose of forming alcohol, and it was well known that considerable quantities of alcohol were given off from bread during the period of its being baked. This fermentation had been called the panary, in order to distinguish it from the vinous and the acetous fermentation; but it was questionable whether it was different from the vinous. At one time, in London, a company was established for the purpose of baking bread, and they had an apparatus for condensing the



spirit from the bread, and thus carried on the two different trades of bakers and distillers. However, the poor people got to know that the spirit was abstracted from their loaves, and they were prejudiced against the company—a prejudice of which the bakers availed themselves, by putting bills in their windows, "Bread sold here with the gin in it."

"Bread was exposed to considerable adulterations, the most common of which, in London, was the use of alum, which acts as an astringent upon the system, though not a poison. It might easily be detected by the application of the usual tests for alum, and it should be carefully avoided. Of all the forms in which bread could be used, that which was most wholesome and best adapted for the system was that of brown bread, in which form the flour contained a small portion of the bran. Its advantages were, that the brown particles, or outside pericarp of the seed, contain a volatile oil, which acts as a stimulant, and assists digestion; there is also a mechanical action of the particles of bran; and many persons were much relieved from indigestion and its consequences by eating brown instead of white bread. There was a new mode of preparing bread without fermentation, and yet not unleavened like rusks or biscuits. This consists in preparing the flour with carbonate of soda, adding to it a small quantity of hydrochloric or muriatic acid, which sets free the carbonic acid, and during the process of baking, the carbonic acid acts in the same manner as in fermentation, and throws up the bread into that vesicular form which makes it light and easy of digestion. It ought to be mentioned, that starch had one peculiar property—that of entering readily into combination with oil, forming a peculiar chemical compound, exceedingly indigestible; but which was not formed at a low temperature, so that the starch in ordinary bread and butter would not combine with the butter, but it would so combine with oleaginous matter in baking or boiling; and this was why pie-crust and other matters were so exceedingly indigestible. Plumcake, plumpudding, pan-cakes, &c. ought to be interdicted altogether as articles of diet, by those who wish to retain their digestive powers in all their original integrity

#### THE DISAPPOINTED SETTLER.

WE lately noticed the lively account of a Van Diemen's Land settler's experience in the bush, and how, after a number of years of toil and anxiety, he was able to look around with satisfaction on the extent of his possessions. Here is a work of quite a different stamp—Mr Richard Howitt's account of his attempted settlement in Australia,\* the vexations he encountered, and the reasons which ultimately induced him to throw up the whole affair in disgust, and return to old England. While in the one case perhaps too little was said of the troubles to be encountered in the bush, in the other they are brought forward and dwelt upon to an extent which leads one to fear they are overdrawn. Making every allowance, however, for feelings of chagrin and disappointment, we believe that Mr Howitt's revelations of what is necessarily to be endured for several years in any of these colonies are in the main correct, and their publication may be of no little service to persons who are contemplating emigration. Gathered from a number of irrelevant matters, including scraps of poetry, with which the volume is crowded, the following is the substance of his story.

On the 30th of August 1839, he embarked at Gravesend, along with a brother and nephew, for Port Philip, which was reached, after a short stay at Van Die-

men's Land in passing, on the 5th of the ensuing April. Arriving in the Port Philip district when the land mania was at its height, it was difficult to procure a location at a reasonable price, and after seeing many dear lots, and much bad land, an allotment of ninety-five acres on the south side of the river Yarra was purchased. The situation looked delicious, the soil was tolerably rich, the slopes most graceful, the windings of the Yarra, near and far off, were beautiful; white cockatoos were sitting on the old gum trees, and parrots were flitting about gorgeously numerous. In this promising little paradise the emigrants planted themselves on the 2d of October, and set about getting a weather-boarded cottage from Melbourne. This proved a difficult matter. At that time the district was at the height of its prosperity; all was activity; all the drays and the workmen were fully employed. A carter, with a horse and dray, considered it poor work to get only six pounds per week. After a fortnight's search in quest of one of these gentlemen, one was found who obligingly carted the cottage to its future station for six pounds. All things considered, this was poor payment. There were no roads; the face of the country was covered with growing trees, or with partly burnt timber, boughs, and rank grass, to say nothing of the bed of a torrent, full of rough stones, and partially flooded, which required to be crossed. However, by dodging backward and forward, the dray finally brought the cottage to its location; the only accident which occurred being an unfeeling jolt among the rocks, which threw a basket of glass and tea-things to the ground in irretrievable ruin.

There was now, proceeds Mr Howitt, 'employment enough before us in the wilderness. Our house was in about a week erected. The first night that we slept in it, it was but partially roofed, and the bats made free to flit about over our heads, and the moon and stars to peep in; the one with bland smiles, the others apparently regarding us with prying eyes.

'When our wood-work was completed, there also wanted brick-work—a chimney to make our abode convenient and comfortable. Here again was a new difficulty. I ran here and there to persuade people for good money to bring us the required number of bricks. It was worth nobody's while: nobody would do it. Well, we had been woodmen, house-carpenters; we grew weary of begging to have that done for which we must also pay handsomely. We set ourselves industriously to find clay, and found it too; yes, and made a brick-mould and bricks. Yes, and we burnt them too. Pretty figures we were both during the making and the burning of the bricks; and many a hearty laugh we had at ourselves, saying, "What would our English friends say if they saw us?" But the bricks were good bricks; and my nephew, one of the most ingenious as well as industrious men in the world—and considerate too—had not neglected to bring a bricklayer's trowel with him; and, like a good Jack-of-all-trades, he built the chimney, and did it so cleverly, that it passed muster with the world's other chimneys.

'This carpentering and brickmaking, this house-building, was done after all somewhat grudgingly, for the gardening season was passing by. Nevertheless, we dug up the ground for a garden between whiles, planting fruit trees, setting potatoes, peas, &c. Then and after we made a large and useful garden, only it was not fenced in, for we had no time to do that. We trusted that our vigilance, and that of our two faithful dogs, would be a fence for it until we could make one. Then we had to begin land-clearing. The steep fronting the Yarra had many large stones in it, and to get out these, and also in many parts of the garden, was the labour of weeks. Then to cut down the timber, gum, box, she-oak, and wattle-trees, was a Herculean task.

'Day after day, it was no slight army of trees against which we had to do battle; we had to fight hard with them to gain possession of the soil, for the trees in those days were giants. I then felt thankful, knowing well how to appreciate my advantages, that having been born and brought up on an English farm, all kinds of tools, agricultural and others, were at home in my hands. There was

\* *Impressions of Australia Felix*, by Richard Howitt. London: 1842.

a world of work, digging to lay bare the roots, felling, and then cutting the boles and boughs up with the saw and axe. Such of the boles as were good for anything we cut into proper lengths for posts; splitting and mortising them for that purpose. Rails also we had to get when there were any boughs straight enough. Some of the trees were of unconscionable girth, six or eight yards in circumference. Immense was the space of ground that had to be dug away to lay bare the roots. And then, what roots! They were too large to be cut through with the axe; we were compelled to saw them in two with the cross-cut saw. One of these monsters of the wild was fifteen days burning, burning night and day, and was a regular ox-roasting fire all the time. We entirely routed the quiet of that old primeval forest solitude, rousing the echo of ages on the other side of the river, that shouted back to us the stroke of the axe, and the groan and crash of falling gum trees. Night never came too soon, and we slept without rocking. Then what curious and novel creatures—bandicoots, flying squirrels, opossums, bats, snakes, gumas, and lizards—we disturbed, bringing down with dust and thunder their old domiciles about their ears. Sometimes, also, we found nests of young birds and of young wild cats; pretty black creatures, spotted with white. The wild denizens looked at us wildly, thinking probably that we were rough reformers, desperate radicals, and had no respect for immemorial and vested rights. It was unnatural work, and cruel; especially when, pile after pile, we added to our other ravages the torment and innovation of vast fires. The horrid gaps and blank openings in the grand old woods seemed, I felt at times, to reproach us. It was reckless waste, in a coalless country, to commit so much fuel to the flames. Timber, too, hard in its grain as iron almost, yet ruddy and more beautiful than mahogany. No matter, we could not eat wood; we must do violence to our sense of the beautiful, and to nature's sanctities; we must have corn-land; and we, with immense labour, cleared seventeen acres. On one occasion I was laid up for a fortnight, keeping my bed part of the time, having been struck by a falling tree. I had to change almost immediately my linen; wringing wet with the perspiration of that blow's agony. Still, the most vexatious circumstance of that misery was the lost time.

The troubles of woodcutting being for the present over, new vexations arise. A garden which had been made and planted was beautiful; but one night the cabbages were devoured by a stray bullock, and this led to a long spell of fencing. This being done, other sorrows turned up. A dray with four bullocks being indispensable, they were bought; but the vehicle requiring to be strengthened at the blacksmith's, a week was spent in the operation; and when all was ready, it was discovered that one of the bullocks had escaped. Days and days are spent in searching for the vagrant animal, and at length he is found; but in the meantime he has been caught and sold, and it is a long ravelled business recovering him. He is brought home just as the wet weather sets in.

'Wet as the weather was, we commenced bringing down our fencing materials. And through what a kind of country we had to bring them! Along the sides of sloping hills, and through marshes, and deep break-neck ravines. Our first attempt was unfortunate: something about the pole of the cart broke, and off the bullocks set in a gallop—crash went the wheels against a tree, and the cart was broken, the team all at liberty. The bullock-driver declared it to be useless trying again, for not one of the four bullocks were leaders. Two more bullocks were bought, after nearly a week's inquiry, and a dray was borrowed. Again and again, when the weather would permit us, a load was got down. I walked up the ten miles and home again, that if any accident happened, I might be at hand to render any assistance. Day after day I went: for if I did not go, I had no rest at home through apprehension. Sometimes at the gulleys or ravines we had to unload the cart for it to get over, and, when over, to re-load it. On some occasions we had the bullocks down; and then there was danger of their necks being broken; it was a time of great uneasiness, and great anxiety. Once we had decided for John, with the team, to go up one day, stay all night with the splitter, and so return the next. Days passed over, and no John returned to allay our anxiety: the bullocks in the forest got constantly lost; again we had recurrence to our old plan; again there was delay, the splitter was ordered to shift from his place to another, the land there being sold. This done, and the weather still finer I began to think fortune

would favour us now, and that we should progress more satisfactorily. So thinking, John and I went up with the team towards the new splitting location. Before we reached it, a man came running nearly breathless, exclaiming, "Thank God you're come; poor Ellen, Mrs Smith's companion, is burnt to death!" So it proved, at least partly so. The poor young woman was burnt dreadfully. Standing by the out-door fire, the breeze had blown her apron into the flames, and, running in her fright, she had helped it on most fatally. In our cart, leaving our post and rail, she had to be taken into the town, where she died. This lost us three more days. Wearied out, we hired the carriage of the rest, and had L9 to pay for their conveyance. So days, and weeks, and months had passed away vexatiously. Then, when all the materials were carefully got over the river, came a flood and swept a great portion of them into it.

This brings the settlers to May 1841, and now terrible anxieties are felt about ploughing, fencing, and sowing. The fencing was the grand standing annoyance. While about it, the sowing season went by, and the corn having been put too late into the ground, the crops were worthless. 'Thus one year's labour, outlay, and seed, were thrown away. Still, there remained to us hope: we did not relax our endeavours. Other seasons there would be, and, by fencing and clearing other portions of the farm, we prepared ourselves to take advantage of them. On still we progressed—field after field was cleared and enclosed. Land and produce came down in value every day; we were toiling against hope—"We were not at rest, and trouble came." It was now time to plough again; but three of our bullocks had strayed away, and were nowhere to be found; to buy others would have been madness, in the every-day depreciation of all kinds of property. Search everywhere, and offered rewards of L1 each in the newspapers, were tried in vain. A year and a half elapsed before anything was heard of them, and then only of two. The second season was lost, or nearly so. Our garden was tolerably productive, and on the land, without any seed or labour, there was an immense though coarse crop of oat hay. These second, and even third crops, there being no winter to kill them, are under some circumstances advantageous; they also prove a curse, growing where and when they are not wanted. Three, four, or five times the land must be ploughed to get rid of the old plants of corn, potatoes, &c.

The nephew now gets disgusted with the farm, and joins a friend of his recently arrived from England at cow-keeping. 'They purchased three cows and calves with them, and a few dairy articles, for L30. My nephew and his partner kept their cattle in the open bush sometimes, and sometimes in our paddocks. Part of the milk they sold at home to the labourers employed by government on the Heidelberg road, and the rest in Melbourne. This, after a fair trial, proved to be like most other colonial undertakings. It seemed well to realise twenty pounds in about six months; but the cattle began to give less milk, squatters near Melbourne began to undersell them, and cows daily lessened in value. There was nothing so certain as that every week would add to their loss. At length, after keeping them a year, the concern was disposed of for, cattle and all, L16; leaving a few shillings per week net profit. So much for Australian cow-keeping.

One day unexpected visitors appear—"Being alone in the house, I heard the most melancholy noise in the bush, not far off: I thought some one had met with a serious accident, and ran out terrified. It proved to be the fore-running announcement of three coming black fellows. Two women, one with a picaninny at her back, had turned down to the ford below. Three men came forward. One of them had on a short white sailor's frock, and common black wool hat. The others had brown blankets wrapped round them loosely. Their hair was ornamented with white cockatoo feathers, and profusely with kangaroo teeth. Their object was to beg white money. When I turned one of my pockets out to show them I had nothing, they laughed in their loud manner, and felt at the other. So away they went dissatisfied; and they, with the women and child, busied themselves in crossing the ford. Soon they disappeared in the bush on the other side of the river. The men were armed with spears and waddies."

About Christmas 1841, the disconsolate settlers have great yearnings to return to England, which they begin to think not such a bad country to live in after all. However, at the beginning of 1842, they courageously set to work to clear and improve a meadow of three acres. Trees, stumps,

and boughs, are got rid of by enormous toil. 'If ever a bit of ground was earned by the labour bestowed upon it, that was. The rising sun found us felling trees, severing with our saw the trunks, and grubbing up roots; under the burning noonday sun we were often roasting ourselves by huge fires; and the sun dipped down in the western waves, leaving us, thankful for the short cool twilight, still at our labour. What was the result? We made the plot of land like a garden, fenced it with the post and rail split by ourselves out of the timber we had felled; planted it with potatoes; and, just as the rows were looking green and beautiful, there came a flood, destroyed the crop, and we had to plant it again. Nor was that the only loss: there were two splitters located near us, and these men I had engaged to get for me, as they had a license to split timber on the crown lands, a quantity of posts on the opposite side of the river; these, for which I had paid nearly six pounds, were carried away also.'

This was the finishing blow. All the poetry of Australian farming had now evaporated. The farm was let in February 1843 to the nephew, who got everything into first-rate order. Wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, cabbages, turnips, onions, all in their rich luxuriant greenness, how well they looked. No man in Australia, however, should reckon his crops before they are housed. The fine-looking crop of potatoes was destroyed by a flood. Fresh potatoes were sown, but as soon as they came up in goodly rows, the tops were attacked by myriads of flies, and what escaped the flies was devoured by clouds of grasshoppers, before which everything green disappeared. Rows of full-grown cabbages were hollowed like egg-cups; not a particle of vegetation escaped destruction. This was a grand consummation—the fly, flood, and grasshopper year! At the beginning of 1844, the nephew gave up the farm, which was re-let, and it was now unanimously resolved to quit the country. The party of unfortunates accordingly return to England, which they are delighted once more to behold. 'And here,' says Mr Howitt, concluding his narrative, 'I was again in England, where our forefathers, sleeping, generation after generation, in the bosom of their green and beautiful land, where they age after age not only fashioned for themselves, by their industry, comfortable homes of rural enjoyment and rest, but bequeathed it to their descendants better cultivated, a more wealthy and habitable country. The labour, affection, and cares of its myriads of sleeping benefactors, who toiled, adorned, and fought for it, have made it what it is—conspicuously the glory of all nations, a paradise of love, and joy, and liberty. Not, alas! wholly exempt from crime, and wo, and want, and disease; but animated by a quick spirit of Christian philanthropy, every day rendering the sum of these less and less. Full of these sentiments, and strongly impressed by the sense of our national greatness, and unwearied activity in the diffusion of universal good, I blessed the land in my heart; and was satisfied that the most singularly earthly good fortune, the greatest honour that could fall to the lot of mortal man, was to have been born in England; and the truest earthly wisdom, to endeavour to live in it!'

So ends the history of a disappointed settler; and now for the moral, if there be one. It appears to us that Mr Howitt, like hundreds of others, had expected too much in his adopted country—was perhaps heedless in buying land before he became fully acquainted with the district and its climate—imprudent in some of his undertakings—and wanted that cool patience which every settler should possess. Emigration is a step which no one ought to take without being able and willing to endure the greatest hardships and anxieties, in many instances to submit to privations scarcely felt by even the most abject of our population—all with the reasonable prospect of ultimate advantage. We would, in plain terms, put every intending emigrant through the following catechism, not bating him a single iota:—Will you be contented to lie for a time on the bare ground, or at all events in a miserable turf hut, no better than a pig-stye? No. Then you must on no account go to Australia. Can you submit to live for years on mutton, damper, and tea? No. Then don't think of going to Australia. Can you go unshaved, and never entertain the notion of having your shoes brushed? No. Then we would recommend you not to go to Australia. Can you submit to be tormented and half eaten up with insects? No. Then it is out of the question

your going to Australia. Can you milk a cow? No; but I will try. Then our advice is, if you want a genteel and easy profession, lay out your money in cow-keeping, and stay at home.

## THE STREETS OF LONDON.

### NO. II.—THE SEVEN DIALS.

In the midst of the populous district that extends between Monmouth Street on the west, Drury Lane on the east, High Street St Giles on the north, and Long Acre on the south, is situated the small congregation of streets long known by the name of the Seven Dials. The place was originally built about the year 1694, as may be seen from an entry in Evelyn's Diary under date of the 5th of October in that year; in which he says, 'I went to see the building beginning near St Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar, placed in the middle of a circular area, said to be built by Mr Neale, introducer of the late lotteries in imitation of those at Venice.' Gay, in his Trivia, canto ii., thus describes it:—

'Where famed St Giles's ancient limits spread,  
An inrailed column rears its lofty head;  
Here, too, seven streets, seven dials count the day,  
And from each other catch the circling ray.'

The place wears a different aspect now. The 'inrailed column' has long since disappeared, and the original seven dials with it. Of late years an attempt has been made to restore the 'dials' in another shape. The seven streets have escaped amid the improvements that are being effected all around them, and run into the same small area as heretofore. When we last passed through it, not many months ago, four out of the seven houses that form the angles between the different streets were occupied as gin-shops, or 'palaces,' and each of these had a large clock with an illuminated dial in its uppermost storey. These dials, with the houses to which they belong, form the most remarkable characteristics of the place. All around are poverty and wretchedness: the streets and alleys are rank with the filth of half a century: the windows are half of them broken and patched with rags or paper; and, when whole, are begrimed with dirt and smoke: little brokers' shops abound, filled with lumber, the odour of which taints even that tainted atmosphere; and the pavement and carriage-way swarm with pigs, poultry, and ragged children. These are the objects that meet the gaze of the stranger on every side, as, from the midst of the dials, he looks down either of the seven thoroughfares that have their confluence in it. But in the space called the Dials itself, the scene is far different. There at least rise splendid buildings, with stuccoed fronts and richly-ornamented balustrades; windows of valuable plate glass, and mahogany doors revolving on easy hinges, and ever half open to afford the passer-by a glimpse of the spacious, handsome, and well-stocked apartment within. These are the gin-palaces for which the spot is celebrated, the very Brocken of the fiends of intemperance, that here meet to hold high saturnalia. From six in the morning until midnight, the liquid poison is dispensed, at three-halfpence per glass, to crowds of idle, debauched, and vicious men, and squalid and dissipated women; and in no other place in London can the intemperance of the London populace be seen to more advantage or disadvantage than in this. A description of one of these houses will suffice for all, as, in their principal features, both external and internal, each bears a strong likeness to the other.

It is always a great matter to appeal to the eye and the imagination of the multitude, and the keepers of London gin-palaces know it full well. They exhibit to their customers a magnificence which they may not only admire from a distance, but which they may share—which is, in fact, their own, and has been created for them. The beggar in his rags, the street-sweeper bespattered with the mire of the crossings, the meanest and the most miserable of man or womankind may look, it is true, at the



wealth displayed in the windows of the jewellers and linen-draper of London, but they may not enter; they may admire, but they may not touch; and this admiration not unfrequently leads to envy and jealousy, and sometimes to a still fiercer feeling. The splendour of the gin-palace, which is often superior to that of the goldsmith or the dealer in the finest products of the loom, has, on the contrary, been raised for the especial enjoyment of those who are dirty, wretched, and vicious, if they can but command the small sum of three-halfpence.

With this they can enter a large and warm room brilliantly illuminated with gas, and adorned with handsome mirrors, in which, behind a counter or 'bar' of finely-polished or carved wood, stands an obsequious and obliging person, male or female, to supply their wants, and hand them the clear draught of intoxication with smiles of welcome. All around are arranged huge vats, or the semblance of them, on which are inscribed the tempting words, 'Cream of the valley,' 'The milk of life,' or 'Old Tom,' while large printed placards state that 'millions' of gallons are in stock; flattering the imagination of the poor with the notion of the inexhaustible stores of the cellars beneath. The legislature has forbidden the owners of these establishments to provide seats for their customers, under the heavy penalty of the forfeiture of their licenses. Notwithstanding this discomfort, which was invented with the view of discouraging drunkenness, but which is very far from answering its intent, the gin-palaces are far more crowded than the old public-houses ever were, although the latter provided seats and every other requisite accommodation. Their 'bars' are besieged by eager clamants, who would forego not only a seat, but even bed and board, sooner than their 'cream of the valley.' Hither husbands bring their wives, and wives (most horrible!) their children. Here they crowd, not only for the sight of more wealth and luxury than their own hovels or scantily-furnished attics can afford them, but for the warmth, the light, the conversation, and the excitement with which the place supplies them at so cheap a rate. In some of these shops, though fortunately not in many, it has been known that a small stool or pair of steps has formed a part of the usual furniture, for young children to stand upon, so that their heads might appear above the counter when they swallowed their small glassful. The most melancholy truth of all remains to be told, which is, that it is not from mere thoughtlessness or misjudging kindness that wretched women act thus towards their offspring, but from a calculation and the working out of the dire problem which misery and vice have set them—the problem how to kill without murdering the helpless beings that depend on them for subsistence. A woman, haggard and ragged, with sallow face and sunken eyes, and with a sickly and melancholy-looking child of six years of age, to whom she was administering gin, was asked how she could be so thoughtless. Her reply told a dreadful secret. She said that she gave the child gin because it satisfied a craving, and destroyed the appetite; and because, in a word, it was cheaper sustenance than bread. Nor was hers by any means a solitary case. The same fearful story has been told repeatedly before magistrates and judges; and the hapless victims of so cruel a sacrifice have long crowded the three houses which are always open for the devotees of gin—the workhouse, the hospital, and the prison.

The Seven Dials is a place which should be seen between the hours of eight and twelve on a Saturday night, by him who desires to witness the intemperance of a London populace at its full height. Though the scene cannot but fill the friend of humanity with mournful feelings for the self-abasement of his kind, it is not without animation. It has its ludicrous as well as its melancholy side; its fierce excitement, its reckless merriment, and its striking contrasts of the maddest mirth with the most squalid misery. Let the reader imagine the small space we have described glowing with gas-lights and crowded with people. From four

or perhaps five large gin-palaces—crammed almost to suffocation with men and women, girls and boys, people of all ages—arises a confused hubbub of voices, intermingled now and then with shrill screams, loud laughter, or hoarse imprecations. When a door opens for the ingress or egress of one of the drinkers, the Babel of voices sounds louder and louder into the street, and drowns for the time the faint imploring cry of the numerous beggars who are stationed without, to catch the charity of those whose sympathies are most excitable when they are most inebriated. It is difficult to pass through the street for the multitude of people, composed of match-venders, children with weak thin voices selling tapes and pins, hoary-headed old men, looking as feeble and ill as if they had risen from the bed of death to mingle once more in the tide of human existence ere they sink beneath it for ever, singing love-songs with tremulous and scarcely audible voices; apple-women and fish-women selling their wares; and, noisiest of the throng, the ballad-sellers with stentorian lungs calling out the names of the last new songs, often in strange and startling combinations enough, and offering them at the rate of a halfpenny per yard. Ever and anon there is a rush of many feet, as some obstreperous drunkard is forcibly expelled for his noisiness or quarrelsomeness; and the crowd gather round him to cheer him on to further excesses, and take pleasure in the sight of his degradation, as he clamours fiercely for readmission, and threatens with fearful oaths to break all the windows in the house if he is refused. If it be a woman who has created the disturbance, the uproar is louder and more prolonged. The shrill voice rises high above the din; and if she threatens to smash the windows or do other damage, she fulfils her threat, and sends volleys of stones through large squares of glass, amid the ironical cheering of the delighted crowd. The drunken man is led off to durance by the police with comparative ease, but the drunken woman is more difficult to manage. She will not be led off by the police; she scorns to walk, and will either go in a coach to the station-house, or be carried. She throws herself upon the ground or into the gutter. She kicks and screams and scratches, and with horrid oaths, and a volubility of curses—which sound doubly odious from woman's lips—declares her good-will and pleasure to tear out the eyes of the first person who approaches her. She is ultimately carried off by four men, two at her head and two at her heels, followed by a crowd, who abuse the police instead of sympathising with their most unpleasant duty, and call them harsh names for their cruelty to a woman. By her removal comparative quiet is for a while restored; the ordinary hubbub alone resounds; except that perhaps some strolling band of musicians strike up their merriest tunes to increase the uproar, and win their share of the copper coins that workmen and their wives have to spare from the gin-shop. As it approaches towards midnight, the venders refuse to supply more liquor, the lights are extinguished, the shutters are closed, and the uproar gradually begins to subside. Those who are still able to guide themselves find their way home; some sit down upon door-steps and sleep till morn, in utter unconsciousness that they are not in bed; while others roam through the town in a more active state of intoxication, and disturb many a peaceful neighbourhood, till the strong arm of authority removes them to the lock-up. This is the ordinary scene in Seven Dials on a Saturday night; and the same drama is enacted, with but slight variations, in scores of the most populous thoroughfares in London—in Whitechapel, in Lambeth, in Somers Town, in east, west, north, and south—and not on Saturday night only, but every night of the week. Though many thousands of the working-classes of the metropolis have taken the pledge of total abstinence, and kept it, there is no visible diminution of the evils of intemperance. The stream of vice seems full to overflowing, and always to be replenished, whatever drains may be made from it by the great apostles of social improvement.

We have dwelt so long upon the drunkenness which is the outward and visible sign of the Seven Dials, as to have left ourselves but little space to give an account of its literature, for which it is even more celebrated. The Seven Dials has long been known as the great mart of songs and street ballads; and the press of Catnach has acquired a wide-spread renown for its humble but apparently inexhaustible stores of broadsides. There are two other printers of the same class, who provide ballads for the hawkers, to be retailed at a halfpenny per yard. They find their chief customers in servant-girls and footmen, and more especially among those just raw from the country, to whom the excessive cheapness is not the least of the novelty or the temptation. These are the real songs and ballads of the English people, and generally include that universal favourite, 'Black Eyed Susan,' or 'Sally in our alley,' 'All round my hat,' or that famous poaching ditty, 'It's my delight, on a shiny night, in the season of the year,' or the more modern effusions of 'Some love to roam,' 'The sea, the sea,' 'Jim along Josey,' 'Jim Crow,' 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' 'We met—'twas in a crowd,' 'The soldier's tear,' &c. All these and a score or two more are often included in the halfpenny yard; with the addition of illustrative woodcuts, the which, if by any rare and singular chance they should alone survive to future ages, would convey the impression that art was in its first rude dawning in England in the year of grace 1845. Here also are not only imprinted, but written, the last dying speeches of notorious criminals—all composed upon the Tyburn model of the age that has passed away—and the rude ballads in which the incidents of the murder are chanted for an admiring populace to the old airs of Derry down or Malbrook, with a chorus fully as long as the stanza. We well remember buying the ballads in which the deeds of Greenacre and Daniel Good were all set forth in the minutest particular, and in the most uncouth rhyme and most villanous grammar. They had both the mark of the Seven Dials upon them; but appearing, as they did, in the light as it were of a new work, of which the copyright was of additional value, there was but one ballad for the halfpenny, and not the yard with a half-hundred, which could have been afforded had this been old as the few above named. Upon some future occasion we may perhaps give the details of a visit we once made to a Seven Dials' poet, the concocter of these and various other popular effusions of a like calibre; but in the meanwhile we conclude by mentioning that vast quantities of ballads and dying speeches are exported from the Seven Dials into all the rural districts of England; together with cheap 'Dream-Books,' and 'Oracles of Fate,' and other trumpery of the same class, which all find in the provinces a much readier market than in the capital.

### SHIPWRECK OF THE DELPHINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[The subjoined, though perhaps less characterised by startling occurrences than many other narratives of a similar nature, may yet possess some claims to our attention from the successful issue of the persevering efforts adopted for the safety of the isolated victims of calamity. The painful interest attaching to events of this nature, is increased in the present instance from its having taken place in the same region as the shipwreck of the *Wager*, one of Anson's squadron, of whose wreck so interesting an account has been left by the ancestor of the poet Byron. The peninsula of Tres Montes, mentioned in the following translation, is the same over which, it may be remembered, Byron and his companions passed with their Indian guides. All the travellers who have visited that part of America agree in their description of the climate, which is bad in the extreme. Everything is always wet: there are scarcely ten days in a year on which snow or rain does not fall;

and not more than thirty on which it does not blow with the greatest violence. The island of Chiloe is situated in a great bay at the southern extremity of Chili, and is the largest of a group the number of which, comprehending those of Chonos, is eighty-two. With these remarks, which were necessary for the proper understanding of what is to follow, we proceed at once to the narration.]

We sailed from Havre for Valparaiso on the 30th March 1840, in the ship *Delphine*, Captain Coisy, with a crew of sixteen sailors and four passengers. In three days we were clear of the channel, and, the wind being favourable, saw the Canaries and Cape de Verd Islands, and soon after crossed the line. In short, at the expiration of thirty days from the time of our departure, we had reached the latitude of Rio Janeiro. The wind then became contrary, and, forcing us to lie to, so retarded our progress, that we did not arrive in the latitude of the Falkland Islands until the 28th May. On the 30th we saw Staten Island, and on the 9th June Cape Horn and Terra del Fuego. In spite of the usual stormy weather of this region, and the enormous masses of floating ice which we encountered in all directions, we doubled the Diego Islands on the 11th. The bad weather still continued: but on the next day a short interval of brightness enabled us to take an observation, for the last time, as it proved, on board the *Delphine*. The wind then veered round to the south, and we believed ourselves sure of a speedy termination to the voyage, when, without any warning, it chopped round to the north-east, bringing its attendant fog. We were steering our course by computation, when in the night of the 19th, a few hours before daylight, we were suddenly awoke by the frightful grinding of the ship's keel upon the rocks. 'Land, land!' cried out the second mate; and in an instant every one, crew and passengers, was on the deck. On all sides the vessel was surrounded by rocks and breakers, while through the gloom the outline of high land was visible at a distance, exaggerated by the obscurity, and adding to the terrors of the moment, which it would be difficult to describe. The ship was yet afloat, but the shock had been too severe to leave any hope that she would continue to swim: every instant we feared she was sinking under us. The passengers ran to the pumps, and the crew, by orders of the captain, flew to the rigging. The pumps were soon dry, when, on hastening to the tiller, we found to our consternation that the rudder had been carried away. The ship struck again. We braced the yards round, to allow her to drift off the land, and cut the lashings which held the long-boat and yawl to the deck, during which time the grinding of the keel on the rocks became more violent than before, threatening the entire destruction of the vessel. We let go the best bower, in the hope of keeping her from drifting farther in; but the anchor dragged over the smooth rocky bottom. The water gained on us so fast, that we hastened to get the long-boat overboard; a work of great difficulty, as it dashed against the bulwarks with every roll of the ship, and endangered the lives of the men. At length we succeeded in getting her afloat; and, throwing in some provisions, we all jumped in, followed by the captain, who was the last to leave the deck. It was then five o'clock, and we waited for daylight among the rocks and sea-wrack, watching the ship, which at last struck on some rocks surrounding a small island. At daybreak we perceived a bay, towards which we rowed, and landed ourselves and the provisions on a sandy beach. The captain, with the sailors, returned immediately to the ship, to save, if possible, a greater quantity of provisions, and other matters necessary to our existence. They found her quite fast about half a mile from the place of our landing; all the between decks full of water, with the exception of the stern. They returned to the shore three hours afterwards, bringing the yawl, both boats laden with everything they could lay their hands on. A temporary tent was hastily set up, in



the centre of which a great fire was lighted; round this we spread some sail-cloth saved from the cargo, which served us for beds during the night. The two following days were passed in saving more provisions from the wreck, while a party who remained on shore got up another tent with the fore-sail, that had been brought for the purpose. A few days afterwards, a violent squall drove the long-boat on the rocks and staved her in, which obliged us to haul her on shore, to prevent her entire loss.

A fortnight passed in this manner, the yawl replacing the long-boat in our visits to the ship, when the weather would permit. The captain took an observation, from which we learned that our position was in 49 degrees south latitude, upon an island two leagues in length, separated by a narrow channel from the great island of Campana, as we ascertained from the English chart which the captain had taken the precaution to save, with his sextant and two compasses, on the first day of the wreck. Everything conspired, unfortunately, to render a long abode in this dreary region inevitable—the winter just commenced, the continued northerly winds of the season, and the distance which separated us from any settlement of Europeans. We calculated that our stock of biscuits and flour would last nearly four months, and determined that our wisest course would be to wait until the bad season was over, before venturing to seek for assistance in the long-boat, which by that time, as was proposed, would be repaired and decked in.

The captain did not forget that, in our present circumstances, the preservation of the health of the men from the inclemency of the climate was the first duty. Another tent was built with the mainsail, of greater dimensions than the former, in which the beds were so arranged as to be at some distance above the surface of the ground. The spot fixed on for the erection was the entrance of a wood which overlooked the whole bay, and in the first days of July\* we took possession. The old tent was left standing, in which, although the materials at our disposal were very scanty, we managed to build an oven.

Certain unequivocal indications had led us to believe that the island was occasionally visited by savages. We had seen in different places a rude kind of hut, constructed of branches of trees, in which we found the remains of shell-fish and the bones of animals. Shortly after we entered on our new habitation, the captain's dog, which had been saved along with us, growled all night in spite of our efforts to pacify him. We were all on the alert the next morning on learning that the prints of naked feet had been seen on the sand: none of our party went barefoot, and the traces were those of persons running from the wood where our tent was situated. This circumstance led us to suspect that we were watched; and indeed, on the 9th July, while our party had gone on the usual salvage trip to the wreck, one of the passengers who had wandered to a distance returned hastily, telling us he had seen the savages. We armed ourselves immediately with all the offensive weapons within reach; and the captain, having advanced with a few men, soon came in sight of what he was in search of. There were nine of them, unarmed, their only clothing being the skin of a seal hanging over their back. At first they hesitated to move; but seeing that we approached with friendly demonstrations, they became familiar. We gave them some presents; but prevented their going to our tent, which they seemed greatly to desire. After staying a short time they left us, but soon repeated their visit, bringing with them their wives, whose clothing did not differ from that of the men. Subsequently, we permitted them to enter our tent, and went several times to visit them upon the different islands to which they transport themselves in canoes. Their huts were similar to those we had seen in our island, but were covered with skins. These savages are generally of middling height, strong,

and well formed. They are evidently the same race as the Indians of Chiloe, and are always accompanied by great packs of dogs, which they use for hunting seals, on whose flesh, with occasional supplies of shell-fish, they principally subsist. This food, however, often fails them in rough weather, when their canoes cannot put to sea. In their visits to us they were always asking for food, which was most probably their principal object; at the same time they often stole some of our things without being detected. In short, they appeared to us to be very miserable, and lazy to excess. The wreck of the *Delphine* was a fortunate event for them, as they picked up many articles floating about among the rocks.

During the earlier period of our residence on the island our time passed in a very uniform manner. The shore party provided wood for the fire, of which the consumption was indispensably great, on account of the continued rainy weather, and for the prevention of sickness. Another party was regularly employed with the yawl in saving things from the wreck. Our young lieutenant, Lepine, took charge of this laborious duty, and, by his zeal and activity, sustained the courage of the sailors both on the ship or among the islands after she was broken up. Meantime the month of September drew on. The carpenter had finished the repairs of the long-boat, which was covered with a deck, and rigged as a schooner, as well as was possible in our state of privation. Although the weather remained unseasonable, we always hoped it would change for the better. The captain, however, resolved on putting his project into immediate execution—to sail with a few men for San Carlos of Chiloe, to seek the means of rescuing the whole party from their perilous situation. The necessary preparations were made in consequence, and on Tuesday the 3d September our little vessel was launched, in order to be ready for the first favourable wind. But what was our disappointment when we saw that she filled with water before our eyes. We tried at first to stop the leaks while she was afloat; but this being impossible, we were compelled to haul her again on shore, where we took away a portion of the lining, and carefully examined the seams, and then caulked and stopped every chink by which it was possible the water could enter; and on Saturday evening, at high water, she was again launched. The next day we found her again half full of water; for her timbers were old and crazy. The captain, however, persisted in his resolution, and gave orders for her to be baled out—replying to those who expressed uneasiness that the wood would swell up in the water. A quantity of sail-cloth was used for ballast, which at the same time served for beds, although, in order to prevent their complete soaking, the baling was kept up incessantly. The provisions, calculated for eight days, with wine and spirits, were put on board; and a generous allowance of wine was given at dinner to the master and four men who were selected to accompany the captain and Lieutenant Lepine. At two in the afternoon they set sail, with fine weather and a stiff breeze from the south.

Seven of our number had left us; thirteen remained behind. We watched for a long time, from the top of the cliffs and rocks, the departure of our companions in misfortune, on whom our fate depended. The day was far advanced when we lost sight of them, and we returned to our tent with a feeling of sadness, justified by our actual position; for, leaving out of sight the probability of the loss of those who had gone away—an event but too possible—how much was there, in our own position on the island, to give cause for uneasiness. Was it not to be feared that the savages, who, until then, had been inoffensive, would become emboldened on seeing our diminished number; and that their greediness, or possibly want alone, might lead them to attack us, and take by force our little remaining provisions, as well as other things in our possession which had excited their cupidity? These reflections, however, were soon banished by the majority of our little band. Those who

\* A winter month answering to the January of Europe.

had drunk farewell to their companions in a pitcher of wine, were not sorry to drink a few more bumpers to their prosperous voyage: conviviality, in short, was the prevailing feature of the moment, when an unexpected incident drew us all out of the tent. A small hut, built of wood and moss by one of the sailors and a passenger, not far from our tent, had taken fire, and was nearly consumed, with all its contents, before we could succeed in putting it out. This event finished the day, and each one threw himself, dispirited and melancholy, on what was called his bed.

Next day, nothing else was thought of but what was best for us to do under our present circumstances. Just before the departure of the long-boat, the daily ration for each man was eight ounces of biscuit. At this rate our stock would not last more than three weeks, and we could not expect to be released at least before a month. We therefore reduced our allowance to six ounces, and of wine one quart a-day. We had a great quantity of spirits, and were thus enabled to continue the usual allowance to the sailors. In this way we hoped to go on for more than a month. The savages came to visit us as before, and soon saw our diminished strength; but their demeanour towards us did not alter. The first thing they did whenever they landed was to come and warm themselves at our fire, so that we were careful to leave some one to keep guard when we went out to fish.

The month of September went by; our biscuit diminished rapidly; we reduced the ration to four ounces a-day. Towards the middle of the first week of October we began to feel uneasy. We remembered that, on the third day after our companions sailed, a heavy gale had set in. Was it not to be feared that they had perished? And, without taking the worst view, it was still possible that the captain might not find the expected succour at Chiloe. In this case, as our abode on the island would be lengthened, we decided on another reduction of our ration of biscuit to two ounces; just sufficient for a little daily sop. We succeeded in making the savages understand that, if they brought us food, we would repay them with the things they most desired; from which time they began to bring us the eggs of sea-fowl. Thus we went on until the middle of October, the sixth week since the long-boat sailed. Our anxieties now augmented, and many of us began to think of the means for our own rescue.

We had already, as a precautionary measure, collected the planks and pieces of wood of the shattered vessel. The idea occurred to us of constructing a boat capable of carrying the whole party, and we recommended to those who went out fishing to bring in the masts, yards, planks, or other portions of the wreck which they might find floating. By this means a great quantity of materials was collected; and the carpenter began to work upon the keel, which was thirty feet long.

On the 15th October our little ration of two ounces of biscuit failed us entirely, and we were reduced to the indifferent shell-fish, and the eggs—which were almost always added when the savages brought them to us—and to some birds which we occasionally killed. We wished the natives to bring us some of the flesh of the sea-wolf, which we had seen them eat; but whether the season was unfavourable, or they caught no more than sufficient for themselves, we could never obtain any. They gave us some dogs, and appeared greatly astonished when they saw that we had eaten them; for, notwithstanding the repugnance of some among us to eat dogs' flesh, our hunger was so great that we devoured them all. At the end of October we had ceased to hope, except in ourselves. Some of us were always occupied in seeking for wood or food; while the others were as persevering in their labours on the vessel, which went on very slowly, as much from the weakness to which our privations had reduced us, as from the bad weather which often prevented our working, and the want of proper tools. Thus the time wore away until the middle of November, all of the party suffering more or less from

attacks of dysentery: still, in spite of the continual rain and prevailing humidity, and the want of shoes, no one was so ill as to be detained in the tent. The hope of eventually succeeding in our efforts to escape from this dreary life supported our courage. We could see that, although slowly, our vessel approached completion: the alips, with the necessary inclination for the launch, were securely placed; the head and stern-posts were fixed on the keel; the greater portion of the ribs were made, and we cut others every day in the woods, to complete the number.

If we were deceived in the hope of saving ourselves, and in the means for its prosecution, the resolution of attempting it never failed us. Such was our situation when, on the morning of the 12th November, we heard a sailor who had just left the tent cry 'Sail, ho! sail, ho!' with all his might. Although this same sailor, deceived by a false appearance, had raised the same cry a month previously, we all ran precipitately towards the shore. This time the report was not false; we saw a vessel anchored in the bay. A heavy shower prevented our seeing distinctly, but we thought she belonged to some ship of war. The yawl was afloat in a moment, and a few men jumping in, were soon on board, not the boat of a man-of-war, but a *lanche* of San Carlos. Those on board of her were not strangers; they were Captain Coisy, Lieutenant Lepine, our sailors and companions, who came to deliver us and bring us provisions. It would be useless to dwell on the universal joy that prevailed, and the eagerness with which both parties inquired about what had transpired.

The long-boat had left the island on the 6th September in so leaky a condition, that two men were constantly engaged in baling; during the first night the sea broke over her repeatedly, threatening to carry all to the bottom. On the fifth day they passed Cape Taitachoua, and intended to double the island lying to the north of it, but were prevented by a gale, which obliged them to lie to for better weather. After some days, alarmed by the diminution of their provisions, they made sail, keeping as near their course as the wind would permit, and two days afterwards entered the great channel which separates the Chonos Archipelago from the Cordilleras. Thus they continued, with alternations of fair and foul weather, sometimes rowing, at others driven back, or landing to collect shell-fish for food, for twelve days, when one afternoon they saw smoke at a distance, to which they immediately directed their course, taking precaution to look to their arms, for fear of savages. The smoke was found to rise from a fisherman's fire, who, as soon as he understood their critical situation, set off to fetch provisions from his *casa*, three leagues distant, while they waited his return. After this they crossed to the islands of the Chiloe group, at one of which, marked Valasco Port, they were detained nine days by stress of weather, and were driven back in another attempt to cross the channel: but on the 3d October they again set sail, and on the 4th happily arrived at Chiloe, where they landed, for the purpose of procuring provisions at the first inhabited spot they saw. On the 10th, thirty-five days after their departure from our island, they reached San Carlos, having had incessantly rainy weather during the whole of this perilous voyage.

The captain lost no time in his endeavours after his principal object; the consular agent gave him all the assistance in his power; but, unfortunately, no ship of war or merchant vessel was lying in the port; there were only the miserable *lanches* of the country, quite unfit for such a voyage as that to the place of our detention. Everything in the shape of a vessel was examined, in the hope that one might prove serviceable, but in vain. The captain then heard of a large and commodious *lanche* at a place twenty-five leagues higher up the channel, and, without a moment's delay, he took a whale-boat and started for the settlement indicated; but what was his disappointment to find, on arrival, that the vessel was yet on the stocks, and only half completed.

He returned immediately to San Carlos, and determined, as nothing better was to be had, to hire a *lanche* in good condition which had arrived during his absence. This kind of vessel, which is used only for the transport of wood or potatoes from one island to the other, is not decked, and a deck for the voyage to the open sea was indispensable. In spite of all the diligence that could be used, it was the end of October before she was ready. Provisions for two months, in the meantime, had been collected, with the consul's assistance; and on the 30th, the captain, with the lieutenant and four men, sailed from San Carlos in the *lanche*, which had been rigged as a lugger. The master was left behind, as fatigue and privation had rendered him incapable of undertaking the return voyage: the others embarked, confiding in the generous hope of saving their companions. They took a whale-boat in tow, for convenience in landing; but, after beating about among the islands for some time, when they reached the open sea it laboured so much that the seams opened, and they were compelled reluctantly to cut it adrift. Finally, after repeated delays, vexations, and dangers, they recognised the approaches to our island, and at seven in the morning of the 12th November, as already described, they were at anchor in the bay.

The unexpected return of the captain, after seventy-three days' absence, when we thought him lost, placed us immediately in a state of abundance as regarded provisions; but we were not the less desirous of quitting a place where we had been so long detained in spite of ourselves. It was impossible, however, to go off in the teeth of the north wind, and we were obliged to wait three weeks for a favourable change. On Thursday the 3d December we sailed at three in the afternoon, towing our yawl, whose preservation had cost us so much labour. We did not keep it long, for when off Cape Taitachoun it broke loose, and drifted away in a squall. This was a serious misfortune, as it deprived us of the means of going on shore to cook our provisions, and of the chance of escape in case of wreck. The squall was the precursor of a furious gale, from which we incurred the greatest danger; the waves breaking over us from stem to stern, and pouring down into the confined space below, where we were crowded one on the other. Our situation was indeed a terrible one. We had given up all hope of safety, and resigned ourselves to the worst, when the storm began to moderate. We were quite uncertain as to our position, and steered for some land that was in sight: but what was our astonishment to find, when we drew near, that it was the island from which we had so recently sailed. We must have drifted sixty leagues during the four days that the gale continued. In our present circumstances, we were glad to re-enter a place we had so much desired to quit eight days previously. Having lost the yawl, we were forced to make a raft, which we drew from the shore to the *lanche*. The savages had not, as we feared, destroyed our tent; it was still standing. The miserable creatures had dug up the potatoes which we planted, with the view of leaving them a resource in the article of food. We divided our party: one half went every night to sleep on board the *lanche*, as a measure of precaution. The weather seemed to grow worse as the season advanced. We were covered with vermin, and dreaded that we should again be without provisions. On the 2d January 1841, the weather moderating, we were enabled once more to put to sea. No sooner had we cleared the bay than a heavy sea broke our rudder, and forced us to lie to. We secured it as well as possible with lashings, which quickly wore out and snapped. We then cut a few fathoms off our small chain, with which we secured the rudder from further danger. The weather continued stormy; but as the wind was in our favour, we shortly after passed the peninsula of Tres Montes; and once among the islands, we looked upon ourselves as saved.

After this we had fine weather. On the 14th, we

landed for fresh provisions, of which we were in great need; and on the 20th, to our great joy, we arrived at San Carlos, eighteen days after our last departure from the island, and seven months and one day from the date of the wreck. We had great reason to congratulate ourselves that, during this long period of privation, suffering, and danger, not one of the party was lost. The captain had neglected nothing in his power to prevent such a misfortune, not only while we were on the island, but in moments of danger, never hesitating to expose himself the first to whatever might happen. To his courage and perseverance must be attributed the success of his great object—the safety of all.

On our arrival at San Carlos, the French consul, M. Fauché, who had so generously assisted the captain on his former visit, hastened to supply our wants. To him were we indebted for the means of pursuing our voyage, and eventually returning to our native country.

#### OLD MONUMENTAL FIGURES IN CHURCHES.

IN old churches, particularly those in country parishes, may often be seen figures in stone or marble, reclining on monumental sarcophagi. Sometimes the figures represent females—old ladies in ruffs and farthingales—but more frequently males, and generally chieftains, in some kind of armour. Ordinary observers are for the most part puzzled with respect to the degree of antiquity of these figures, but the archaeologist is acquainted with certain marks and appearances which guide him pretty surely to the era of their execution. There are few persons who do not feel an emotion of pleasure at beholding an object of art which has existed for ages; and that pleasure is increased tenfold when he is able to ascertain some circumstance connected with it—such as the time at which the monument was raised, the station or degree of the person whom it is meant to commemorate—when the record of such facts has been obliterated by time. To guide the lingerer in old churches to this sort of knowledge, we request his attention to the following facts.

Antiquaries have ascertained that monuments of the earliest date are stone sarcophagi, the top formed prism-shaped, like the sloping roof of a house, for the purpose of allowing wet to run freely off; for they were always placed in the open air. Such very ancient monuments are without inscriptions, their form being the only guide to their probable date. It appears that it was not till the year 1160 of the Christian era that these stone coffins with prismatic roofs began to be ornamented. From that period, carvings, chiefly of a grotesque character, but occasionally of armorial bearings (adopted at the beginning of the twelfth century), appear on them. These are the earliest specimens of sculpture; but they rise in excellence, completeness, and beauty, as the dates advance. The sloping roofs gradually disappear with the progress of sculptured emblems. Not content with merely carving the cover of the monument itself, figures were cut separate therefrom, and the roof flattened for them to be laid on it. This state of art seems not to have been arrived at till the thirteenth century, so that the spectator may be sure that a monument with a flat top is not of greater antiquity than that period, whether supporting an effigy or not. Of figures, there are various kinds. Those which have their hands laid on their breasts, with chalices in them, denote that the person commemorated was a priest. Prelates are always represented with their insignia—pontificals, crosiers, or mitres. Knights, again, are to be known by their armour. Most of them are lying flat on their backs, and several with their legs crossed. In this case they have been either crusaders (from *crux*, a cross) or married men; beside the latter, a statue of the wife is sometimes laid. The various descriptions of armour by which the effigies of ancient military men are covered, are sure guides to the era of their existence. Warlike figures of the earliest date are



found in tegulated or scale armour, like that of William Longspée, Earl of Salisbury (son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond), in Salisbury cathedral, who died in 1227. Chain armour, or mail composed of small iron rings, is seen on figures of later date, extending from the reigns of Richard Cœur de Lion to that of Henry III. A specimen of this kind of armour may be observed in Hitchendon church, Buckinghamshire. Plate armour seldom appears on knightly effigies more ancient than the latter reign. Female figures adorned with a mantle and a large ring, though they afford no clue to a date, denote that the deceased had taken the vow of chastity. Armorial quarterings of arms annexed to tombs show them to have been raised subsequently to the fourteenth century; while supporters were not adopted till Richard II.'s time.

At a later period, arches were raised over sepulchres, to protect them from the weather; but gradually, sepulchral monuments were removed within doors, and built in churches. In process of time, it was found that these arched monuments took up too much room, even in the most spacious cathedral. To lessen this evil, a plan was devised which gave rise to the practice of annexing chapels to the churches, expressly for containing such mausoleums. These chapels are in many instances only separated from the main body of the building by iron rails, and are entered by doors from the side aisles. This practice was not commenced till the fifteenth century.

Even figures in the ordinary sculpture, or half-relief, multiplied so much that a less elaborate mode was at an early period adopted as mementos of individuals. This was by simply engraving or incising the effigy on slabs or on brass plates. Amongst the earliest recorded instances in England may be mentioned the tomb of Jocelin, Bishop of Wells, placed by him during his lifetime in the middle of the choir, and described by Godwin as formerly adorned with a figure of brass. He died in 1242. The date of the earliest existing specimen is about 1290; it is the figure of Sir Roger de Trumpington, who accompanied Prince Edward in the holy wars, and is represented with his legs crossed. An interesting addition, hitherto unnoticed, has recently been made to the small list of sepulchral brasses of this early period, which represent knights in the cross-legged attitude; it is preserved in the church of Pebermarsh, near Halstead, in Essex.\*

Although recumbent effigies continued to be either sculptured or engraved on tombs till the seventeenth century, yet other devices were meantime adopted. Immediately after the Gothic ages of chivalry, more solemn emblems of mortality were employed than effigies—whether knights or priests—attired in 'their habits as they lived.' Skeletons in shrouds began to be used in the fifteenth century; and these were succeeded by corpses (generally portraits) in shrouds, with the head bound up, and the feet tied. Sometimes images of children were placed at the feet; and cherubim figured at the corners of the tomb. The most remarkable of these tombs have, as it were, two storeys; in the upper one lies the shrouded corpse, whilst the lower compartment contains a skeleton or emaciated human body. Such sepulchral devices, always unpleasant, even when well executed, were chiefly adopted for ecclesiastics.

Besides the different effigies, and the clothing they are represented in, together with the other various ornaments carved upon tombs, the antiquary is guided to the date of their erection, and to the status of the person they were designed to commemorate, by the situations in which they are found. The most important class of sepulchres were those of saints, and other holy persons, who, on account of the great veneration in which they were held, were 'enshrined,' the shrines being usually placed on the east of the altar, though, when numerous, in any convenient part of the church. According to the sanctity of the deceased, so were his remains ele-

vated above the ground. The bodies of unsainted men, of exemplary piety and mortification, were placed on a level with the surface of the earth; the coffins of saints of the second class rested on the flooring of the edifice; whilst the remains of martyrs were elevated. Effigies of saints, usually carved in wood, are placed above the shrine, to excite devotion. Monuments built up within the substance of walls are chiefly those of the founders of the chapel, or else of persons who had rebuilt that part of the edifice in which such mementos are found. Tablets or figures fixed against the walls, or let into the pillars of churches, did not come into use till after the Reformation. The actual burial-place of the founders of churches or chapels was the porch; for it was formerly the custom for worshippers, on entering the sacred edifice, to pray for the souls of its founders and benefactors. Thus Leofric, Earl of Mercia, and his celebrated countess, Godiva, were buried in the porch of the Abbey-church, Coventry, which they had founded. The heads of the religious houses were generally interred in their chapter-houses, or their cloisters; and rectors or vicars in the close vicinity of the altar, or in the chancel of the church to which they belonged. Lords of manors and patrons were often interred in the chancel, and sometimes within the rails.

The most obvious guides to the date of tombs are of course inscriptions. As, however, many of these exist without giving any information regarding the time at which they were cut, consisting simply of an epitaph, the following facts, taken in connexion with other evidences presented on the tomb itself, will lead to a near conjecture as to its age. During the first twelve centuries, churchyard epitaphs were all written in Latin; and the first inscribed funeral monuments are those bearing the names of Romanised Britons in Cornwall or Wales. These are written in capital letters; but a small hand was introduced about the seventh century. Lombardic capitals became general on tomb-stones in the thirteenth century, when epitaphs in the French language began to appear; which continued to be used till the middle of the fourteenth century, generally in German-text letters. From that period vernacular English and Roman print have been commonly employed for monumental inscriptions; though the clergy and learned have, as might be expected, always preferred the Latin.

### THE WISE THOUGHT.

[From Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs S. C. Hall.]

SHE was sitting under the shadow of a fragrant lime tree that overhung a very ancient well; and, as the water fell into her pitcher, she was mingling with its music the tones of her 'Jew's harp,' the only instrument upon which Norah Clary had learned to play. She was a merry maiden of 'sweet seventeen,' a rustic belle, as well as a rustic beauty, and a 'terrible coquette'; and as she had what in Scotland they call a 'tocher,' in England a 'dowry,' and in Ireland a 'pretty penny o' money,' it is scarcely necessary to state, in addition, that she had—a bachelor. Whether the tune—which was certainly given in *alto*—was or was not designed as a summons to her lover, I cannot take upon myself to say; but her lips and fingers had not been long occupied, before her lover was at her side.

'We may as well give it up, Morris Donovan,' she said somewhat abruptly; 'look, 'twould be as easy to twist the top off the great hill of Howth, as make father and mother agree about any one thing. They've been playing the rule of contrary these twenty years, and it's not likely they'll take a turn now.'

'It's mighty hard, so it is,' replied handsome Morris, 'that married people can't draw together. Norah, darlint! that wouldn't be the way with us. It's one we'd be in heart and soul, and an example of love and—'

'Folly,' interrupted the maiden, laughing. 'Morris, Morris, we've quarrelled a score o' times already; and a

\* Archaeological Journal, No. 2.

bit of a breeze makes life all the pleasanter. Shall I talk about the merry jig I danced with Phil Kennedy, or repeat what Mark Doolen said of me to Mary Grey?—eh, Morris?

'Leave joking, now, Norry; God only knows how I love you,' he said, in a voice broken by emotion: 'I'm yer equal as far as money goes; and no young farmer in the country can tell a better stock to his share than mine; yet I don't pretend to deserve you for all that; only, I can't help saying that, when we love each other (now, don't go to contradict me, Norry, because ye've as good as owned it over and over again), and yer father agreeable, and all, to think that yer mother, just out of divilment, should be putting betwixt us for no reason upon earth, only to "spite" her lawful husband, is what sets me mad entirely, and shows her to be a good-for—'

'Stop, Mister Morris,' exclaimed Norah, laying her hand upon his mouth, so as effectually to prevent a sound escaping; 'it's my mother ye're talking of, and it would be ill-blood, as well as ill-bred, to hear a word said against an own parent. Is that the pattern of yer manners, sir; or did ye ever hear me turn my tongue against one belonging to you?'

'I ask yer pardon, my own Norah,' he replied meekly, as in duty bound; 'for the sake of the lamb, we spare the sheep. Why not? and I'm not going to gain-say, but yer mother—'

'The least said's the soonest mended!' again interrupted the impatient girl. 'Good even, Morris, and God bless you; they'll be after missing me within, and it's little mother thinks where I am.'

'Norah, above all the girls at wake or pattern, I've been true to you. We have grown together, and since ye were the height of a rose-bush, ye have been dearer to me than anything else on earth. Do, Norah, for the sake of our young hearts' love, do think if there's no way to win yer mother over. If ye'd take me without her leave, sure it's nothing I'd care for the loss of thousands, let alone what ye've got. Dearest Norah, think; since you'll do nothing without her consent, do think—for once be serious, and don't laugh.'

'I'm not going to laugh, Morris,' replied the little maid at last, after a very long pause; 'I've got a wise thought in my head for once. His reverence, your uncle, you say, spoke to father—to speak to mother about it? I wonder (and he a priest) that he hadn't more sense! Sure, mother was the man; but I've got a wise thought. Good night, dear Morris; good night.'

The lass sprang lightly over the fence into her own garden, leaving her lover *perdu* at the other side, without possessing an idea of what her 'wise thought' might be. When she entered the kitchen, matters were going on as usual—her mother bustling in style, and as cross 'as a bag of weasels.'

'Jack Clary,' said she, addressing herself to her husband, who sat quietly in the chimney-corner smoking his *dooden*, 'it's well ye've got a wife who knows what's what! God help me! I've little good of a husband, barring the name! Are ye sure Black Nell's in the stable?' The sposo nodded. 'The cow and the calf, had they fresh straw?' Another nod. 'Bad cess to ye, can't ye use yer tongue, and answer a civil question?' continued the lady.

'My dear,' he replied, 'sure one like you has enough talk for ten.'

This very just observation was, like most truths, so disagreeable, that a severe storm would have followed, had not Norah stepped up to her father and whispered in his ear, 'I don't think the stable door is fastened.' Mrs Clary caught the sound, and in no gentle terms ordered her husband to attend to the comforts of Black Nell. 'I'll go with father myself and see,' said Norah. 'That's like my own child, always careful,' observed the mother, as the father and daughter closed the door.

'Dear father,' began Norah, 'it isn't altogether about the stable I wanted ye, but—but—the priest said something to you to-day about—Morris Donovan.'

'Yes, darling, and about yerself, my sweet Norry.'

'Did ye speak to mother about it?'

'No, darling, she's been so cross all day. Sure I go through a dale for peace and quietness. If I was like other men, and got drunk and wasted, it might be in reason; but— As to Morris, she was very fond of the boy till she found that I liked him; and then, my jewel, she turned like sour milk all in a minute. I'm afraid even the priest 'll get no good of her.'

'Father, dear father,' said Norah, 'suppose ye were to say nothing about it, good or bad, and just pretend to take a sudden dislike to Morris, and let the priest speak to her himself, she'd come round.'

'Out of opposition to me, eh?'

'Yes.'

'And let her gain the day then?—that would be cowardly,' replied the farmer, drawing himself up. No, I won't.'

'Father, dear, you don't understand,' said the cunning lass; 'sure ye're for Morris; and when we are—that is, if—I mean—suppose—father, you know what I mean,' she continued, and luckily the twilight concealed her blushes—'if that took place, it's you that would have yer own way.'

'True for ye, Norry, my girl, true for ye; I never thought of that before!' and, pleased with the idea of 'tricking' his wife, the old man fairly capered for joy. 'But stay a while—stay; aisy, aisy!' he recommenced; 'how am I to manage? Sure the priest himself will be here to-morrow morning early; and he's out upon a station now, so there's no speaking with him; he's no way quick either; we'll be bothered entirely if he comes in on a sudden.'

'Leave it to me, dear father—leave it all to me!' exclaimed the animated girl; only pluck up a spirit, and whenever Morris's name is mentioned, abuse him—but not with all yer heart, father—only from the teeth out.'

When they re-entered, the fresh-boiled potatoes sent a warm curling steam to the very rafters of the lofty kitchen; they were poured out into a large wicker kish, and on the top of the pile rested a plate of coarse white salt; noggins of butter milk were filled on the dresser; and on a small round table a cloth was spread, and some delf plates awaited the more delicate repast which the farmer's wife was herself preparing.

'What's for supper, mother?' inquired Norah, as she drew her wheel towards her, and employed her fairy foot in whirling it round.

'Plaguy *snipeens*,' she replied: 'bits o' bog chickens, that you've always such a fancy for; Barney Leary killt them himself.'

'So I did,' said Barney, grinning; 'and that stick wid a hook, of Morris Donovan's, is the finest thing in the world for knocking 'em down.'

'If Morris Donovan's stick touched them, they shan't come here,' said the farmer, striking the poor little table such a blow with his clenched hand, as made not only it, but Mrs Clary jump.

'And why so, pray?' asked the dame.

'Because nothing belonging to Morris, let alone Morris himself, shall come into this house,' replied Clary; 'he's not to my liking anyhow, and there's no good in his bothering here after what he wont get.'

'Excellent!' thought Norah.

'Lord save us!' ejaculated Mrs Clary, as she placed the grilled snipes on the table, 'what's come to the man? Without heeding his resolution, she was proceeding to distribute the savoury 'birdeens,' when, to her astonishment, her usually tame husband threw the dish and its contents into the flames; the good woman absolutely stood for a moment aghast. The calm, however, was not of long duration. She soon rallied, and commenced hostilities: 'How dare you, ye spalpeen, throw away any of God's mate after that fashion, and I to the fore? What do you mane, I say?'

'I mane, that nothing touched by Morris Donovan shall come under this roof; and if I catch that girl of

mine looking at the same side o' the road he walks on, I'll tear the eyes out of her head, and send her to a nunnery!

'You will! And dare you to say that to my face, to a child o' mine! You will, will ye?—we'll see, my boy! I'll tell ye what, if I like, Morris Donovan *shall* come into this house, and, what's more, be master of this house; and that's what you never had the heart to be yet, ye poor ould snail!' So saying, Mrs Clary endeavoured to rescue from the fire the hissing remains of the burning snipes. Norah attempted to assist her mother; but Clary, lifting her up, somewhat after the fashion of an eagle raising a golden wren with its claw, fairly put her out of the kitchen. This was the signal for fresh hostilities. Mrs Clary stormed and stamped; and Mr Clary persisted in abusing not only Morris, but Morris's uncle, Father Donovan, until at last the farmer's helpmate *score*, ay, and roundly too, by cross and saint, that, before the next sunset, Norah Clary should be Norah Donovan. I wish you could have seen Norry's eye, dancing with joy and exultation, as it peeped through the latch-hole; it sparkled more brightly than the richest diamond in our monarch's crown, for it was filled with hope and love.

The next morning, before the sun was fully up, he was throwing his early beams over the glowing cheek of Norah Clary; for her 'wise thought' had prospered, and she was hastening to the trying tree, where, 'by chance,' either morning or evening, she generally met Morris Donovan. I don't know how it is, but the moment the course of true love 'runs smooth,' it becomes very uninteresting, except to the parties concerned. So it is now left for me only to say, that the maiden, after a due and proper time consumed in teasing and tantalising her intended, told him her saucy plan, and its result. And the lover hastened, upon the wings of love (which I beg my readers clearly to understand are swifter and stronger in Ireland than in any other country), to apprise the priest of the arrangement, well knowing that his reverence loved his nephew, and niece that was to be (to say nothing of the wedding supper, and the profits arising therefrom), too well, not to aid their merry jest.

What bustle, what preparation, what feasting, what dancing, gave the country folk enough to talk about during the happy Christmas holidays, I cannot now describe. The bride of course looked lovely, and 'sheepish'; and the bridegroom—but bridegrooms are always uninteresting. One fact, however, is worth recording. When Father Donovan concluded the ceremony, before the bridal kiss had passed, Farmer Clary, without any reason that his wife could discover, most indecorously sprang up, seized a shillelah of stout oak, and, whirling it rapidly over his head, shouted, 'Carry me out! by the powers she's beat! we've won the day!—ould Ireland for ever! Success, boys!—she's beat, she's beat!' The priest, too, seemed vastly to enjoy this extemporaneous effusion, and even the bride laughed outright. Whether the good wife discovered the plot or not, I never heard; but of this I am certain, that the joyous Norah never had reason to repent her 'wise thought.'

#### LIBERATED CRIMINALS—WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THEM?

A CORRESPONDENT of the Glasgow Herald newspaper calls public attention to the distressing fact, that short confinements of young criminals, even under a good system of prison discipline, are of little or no avail, and that, generally speaking, they do not stop in their career till transported. After mentioning six cases in particular, he proceeds:—'Here are the cases of six young persons (the number might as easily have been sixty), little more than children, every one of whom had undergone various terms of imprisonment prior to the committal of the last offence for which they have all been transported. In two cases, the ages are respectively thirteen and fourteen, and the periods of imprisonment that these children have undergone are twenty-four months and twenty-nine months, so that they could not be more than eleven years of age, if so much,

when they were first convicted. In addition to other and shorter periods of confinement, each had been imprisoned for one term of eighteen months, and being very young, everything was in favour of their being so far improved by prison discipline, as to resort to some honest means of livelihood on their liberation; instead, however, of this being the case, we find them again pursuing a career of crime, and being at last transported, though but thirteen and fourteen years of age.

'At first sight, one is almost inclined to draw the conclusion that prison discipline is of no avail, and that the hopes of the benevolent, who have laboured so long and so effectually in the amelioration of the condition of criminals, can never be realised. A little reflection, and an examination of the cases given above, will show that such an inference is not altogether warranted, and that the requisite opportunities have not yet been afforded for the full development of the results of the mild and humane treatment at present being pursued in our prisons. It will be observed that, in every case, shorter terms of imprisonment have been awarded before the criminals have been sentenced to such a lengthy period of confinement as would warrant hopes of reformation, and the necessary consequence of these repeated short imprisonments is so to habituate the prisoner to a life of confinement, as to deprive imprisonment of its chief power as a means of punishment; whilst the frequent liberation of a criminal unreformed, his reunion with his former associates, and his recurrence to a course of crime, all tend to deaden any trifling sense of morality that might have remained; make him more and more callous to remonstrance, and remove, almost beyond the bounds of probability, the hope of effectual reformation. Short imprisonments, as means of reformation, are worse than useless; they are positively injurious, as they deprive the unfortunate offender of any little chance he might have had of personal amelioration, whilst they cause him to be regarded with the same abhorrence as a longer term of confinement.

'Another, and perhaps not less powerful prevention of the good looked for from the present educational and moral treatment in prisons, is the necessity that liberated criminals are under of returning to their former places of residence, in search of employment, if willing to work, or in some other way to obtain a livelihood. So long as no means are provided for removing prisoners, after a long imprisonment, from the places where they are well known, where many of their former companions still reside, and where persons are always ready to re-entice them into a criminal course, and to profit by their turpitude, so long will it be next to hopeless to look for any extensive good from prison discipline, however excellent; and so long will our calendars of crime be swelled by the same persons again and again, and judges be called upon to perform their solemn duties upon criminals formerly sentenced by them. In fact, the necessity for some additional means of reformation is becoming every day more and more evident, and either more prisons must be built for the punishment of offenders, or other institutions must be erected for rendering their reformation permanent.

'Two measures appear to us as imperatively necessary in order that crime may be prevented, and criminals reformed. The precise means of accomplishing these measures, we, of course, leave to others better able to carry such plans into operation. We think that, instead of committing juvenile offenders to a prison for a short term of imprisonment, where their characters will be for ever blasted, and the hopes of reclamation almost destroyed, that magistrates should have the power, with the concurrence of the natural guardians, to send such young offenders to a house of refuge for a long term, say two or three years, where the knowledge of some useful occupation may be acquired without the taint of a prison attaching to the character; and, as many of these juvenile offenders become criminal through destitution, means should be employed to educate them, and train them in industrious pursuits, which could also be done in a house of refuge, taking care to classify the merely destitute and criminal inmates. The expense of such an institution should not devolve upon one locality, as the good would be general; nor do we think that, ultimately, the charge would be so great as all the cost of imprisonment and transportation to which most of these become subject at last. The other great measure that we think the present state of things calls for is, the adoption of some plan by which criminals, after a long term of imprisonment, who may have evinced a desire to change their



former mode of life, may be preserved from the necessity of returning to the scene of their former crime and shame.

In these humane and considerate observations we cordially concur. It should be the object of the magistracy to seize upon, retain, and thoroughly discipline the whole criminal population—the number of which is not great in each locality—and thus rid society of their presence. But this will not be enough. Society, we fear, will be baffled in every scheme to prevent the recurrence of crime in juvenile offenders, till it puts these offenders in the way of earning an honest livelihood on leaving the place of their confinement, whether that confinement be long or short, harsh or kind, good, bad, or indifferent. A plan having, to a certain extent, such an object in view, has been lately proposed by a benevolent gentleman in Birmingham. The scheme consists in each master engaging to receive back into his employment juvenile offenders who have undergone a term of correct prison discipline. We can only wish the measures which are adopted all the success they deserve.

#### TOBACCO MANUFACTORY OF SEVILLE.

Not the least among the curiosities of Seville is the tobacco manufactory. Tobacco is one of the royal monopolies, and it is manufactured in a palace. A very cursory glance at this singular establishment, will afford some idea of the great value of this monopoly. It is a noble and stately edifice, of a quadrangular form, 600 feet in length by 460 broad. It is surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge, like a regular fortification. Soldiers are continually on duty at the entrance and in the courts; all the workpeople are carefully searched every night on leaving the establishment, and no cloaks are permitted within its precincts—all precautions against the abstraction of the precious weed. It employs no fewer than 5000 hands. Of these, 3000 are women; almost all of whom are employed in twisting cigars. Of the 2000 men, a great proportion are similarly occupied; while a considerable number are employed in the manufacture of all the different articles and implements which are required in the establishment. Women are preferred for the manufacture of cigars, as lightness and delicacy of touch are of importance in this branch of the business. Two immense halls are set apart for the cigar-twisters, one for the men and the other for the women. The largest of these, in which 3000 women are seated, busily engaged in rolling up the fragrant leaf, each with a little basket of bread and fruit beside her for dinner, presents a very extraordinary spectacle. The work is performed with amazing rapidity, and a single individual will roll up from 500 to 600 cigars per day. The time of labour is from 7 o'clock A.M. to 4 P.M. One part of the process is sufficiently disgusting, but out of consideration for the lovers of cigars, we refrain from mentioning it. We saw the whole process of manufacturing snuff. The tobacco-leaves are first steeped in a decoction of Brazilian tobacco, plums, walnuts, lemon-peel, &c.; the heart-stalks are then removed, and the leaves twisted into ropes, and coiled up in tight packages. These are pressed by a machine, not unlike a large cheese-press, and are then stored up for six or eight months to ferment. Afterwards they are uncoiled, and chopped into small pieces by a very clumsy set of hammers worked by mules. When chopped sufficiently, the tobacco is conveyed to the mill and ground into snuff. The stems and heart-stalks are, I believe, manufactured into a coarser article. When the wind blows in a particular direction, it is said that this establishment may be nosed at a league distant. There are five royal tobacco manufactories in Spain, of which this at Seville is the largest. The quantity of cigars consumed by this nation of cigar-smokers is prodigious. Spaniards are decidedly the greatest smokers in Europe. All Spaniards smoke, and all smoke cigars. The pipe is comparatively unknown. The cigar gleams betwixt the lips of the haughty noble and the poor muleteer. Like death, it levels all distinctions; all are alike subjected to its sway. It overpowers the odour of garlic in the poor man's hut, and mingles with the rich perfumes of the halls of the wealthy. Europe is indebted to America for tobacco and the potato, but tobacco has far outstripped her compatriot; and while the humble and nutritious root which brings plenty to the poor man's home is only gradually, and by dint of much pains and patronage, forcing its way in the world, the nauseous and unwholesome weed is chewed, and smoked, and snuffed in almost every part of the known world, and that

too in defiance of much opposition. The king of England wrote a book against it; the pope issued his bull against it; the magistrates of Transylvania punished its culture with confiscation; the king of Persia forbade it under pain of death; and the grand-duke of Moscow, under penalty of the loss of the nose! The last appears the most appropriate punishment. The progress of tobacco is, in fact, a singular phenomenon in the history of the human race; and proves how mankind will prefer the most disgusting and nauseous drug, provided it exert a narcotic or stimulating influence over the nerves, to the most nutritious and wholesome food, though as palatable as valuable. The history of tobacco, opium, and ardent spirits, is not very flattering to the dignity of human nature.—*Journal of a Clergyman, by the Rev. W. Robertson of Edinburgh.*

#### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜHLER.]

SILENT o'er the fountain gleaming,  
In the silvery moonlight hour,  
Bright and beautiful in its seeming,  
Waves a friendly fragile flower.  
Never let it be mistaken;  
Hue—as heaven's own blessed eye,  
By no envious clouds o'erthrown,  
When it laughs through all the sky.  
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!  
Symbol of affection true!  
Whisper to the poor heart-broken  
Consolation—heaven-spoken!  
Loved one!—like the star of morning  
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—  
Innocence with light adorning  
Their pure radiance everywhere!  
Maiden mine! attend my lay:  
Be this flow'ret ne'er forgot—  
Whispering through the far-away,  
'Oh, forget—forget me not.'  
Duty stern may bid us sever,  
Tears bedew our parted lot;  
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,  
'Ah, forget—forget me not!'  
List, beloved! what it saith:  
List each blossom's whispered sound!  
As its lowly head it layeth  
On the dew-besprinkled ground.  
Bethink! each dewdrop is a tear,  
That brims its dark blue eyes;  
Remember—when you wander near—  
'Forget me not!' its sighs!

[The exquisite German legend of the origin of this humble flower's touching name, is known to many—perhaps not to all. A lover and his mistress were walking on the steep banks of a rapid river; the lady was struck by the beauty of a little flower, new to her, and growing on the sharpest declivity of the almost perpendicular bank. The veronica, according to some, the mouse-ear, as others say, was the plant, to obtain which for his beloved, the young man immediately sprang down the cliff to secure the treasure. At the moment when the prize was won, the earth gave way under the lover's tread, who, in the act of falling, threw the flower towards his mistress, uttering the words, 'Forget me not,' and was precipitated into the foaming current, which bore him many miles from the spot of the catastrophe. The body being found, was followed and borne to the grave by his affianced bride and her companions, arrayed in white, and scattering flowers of the 'forget-me-not' along their mournful path. This flower is a favourite subject among German poets.]—E. L.

#### THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S FAMILY.

The lovely family of the Emperor Nicholas, consisting of four sons and three daughters, were brought up from the cradle by English nurses and governesses, under the superintendence of an old Scotchwoman, who was under-nurse to the present emperor in his infancy. This individual held the rank of a general officer (for everything in Russia is measured by a military scale), and had been decorated with the order of St Andrew, ennobled, and enriched. This woman, nevertheless, came as a servant girl to Russia, some five-and-fifty years ago, with a Scotch trader's family, who turned her adrift in St Petersburg. A lucky chance procured her the situation of under-nursery-maid in the Emperor Paul's family, when she was placed about the person of the present emperor, to teach him to speak English! His attachment to her was so great, that when he married, he placed her at the head of his nursery establishment, where she has honourably gone through all the military gradations of rank to her present one of general.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### Column for Young People.

You are fond of hearing your mamma tell stories; I will tell you a little story of two chickens that may perhaps amuse you. I live with my family in a large house in the country, at a good distance from any market-town, and therefore cannot on all occasions send out to buy things, as you are accustomed to see your parents do. Sometimes we are supplied with chickens by women who go about selling them, and as I like to see poor people honestly employed, I generally buy a chicken or two from them, even when we are not in immediate need of them.

Some time ago, a little girl neatly dressed came to the hall-door with a basket on her arm, in which were two chickens she wanted to sell. Her mother, she said, was in poor circumstances; she wanted money to buy some things that she stood in need of, and she had no way of procuring the money but by selling these chickens. I desired her to go round to the kitchen, and that, if the cook were pleased with them, they should be purchased. The poor girl replied that she had already been there, but that the cook had sent her away. On inquiry, I found that the chickens were considered not at all fit for the larder; being so very thin, that they were not worth the trouble of fattening. I suggested that they might be put in a coop, but the cook said they would die of cold; and when I hinted that they might run about the yard, she declared that the dogs would chase them and kill them. The cook had clearly set her face against having anything to do with the unfortunate chickens.

The poor chicken merchant was not altogether discouraged with these resolutions. She eloquently pleaded the merits of the animals, and as a last resource, tried to enlist the children in her cause. Here she had no such critical judge to deal with as the cook. They were delighted with the appearance of the creatures. 'Oh, mamma!' cried Emily, 'there is one of the most beautiful chickens ever was seen: see what a fine tuft one of them has got. You know you promised me a hen, and I will keep this for one, to lay eggs, if you will buy it for me. Oh, do mamma; pray do.' There was no resisting this appeal, particularly as I had the best of the bargain; so I looked at the little despised fowls, and saw that one of them was of the golden pheasant breed, with a crown of feathers on its head nearly as large as its body. The other was of the common kind of poultry, and not a very handsome specimen either; but it was settled that the ugly one was to be bought to keep the handsome one company, as we had no other chickens at that season of the year. So the bargain was made, the girl paid, and the chickens changed mistresses, apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; and the cook consented to keep Miss Emily's chickens in the kitchen, at least for a few days, to see how they behaved themselves; for I assure you there is a great difference in the dispositions of chickens as well as children. They proved to be very well-conducted for their age, were very tame, and never flew up on the dresser to break the jugs and plates; so the cook placed a little stick near the fire for them to roost on; and they picked about the kitchen all day, and in the evening the cook put a chair under the perch, and they jumped up, first on the seat, then on the back of the chair, and then made a fly to their roost, where they slept quietly side by side all night; and in the morning, when daylight came, they flew down, and just went on as the day before. They were indeed very good chickens, and soon won the regard not only of Emily, who was predisposed to love them, but of the cross old cook, with whom they became most particular favourites and companions. In short, in a few weeks you would not have known them to be the poor miserable little orphans that they were before Emily adopted, and the cook nursed them; and well they showed the cook's care, for they were fat and well-feathered, and comfortable to look upon.

I have now told you how fond Emily and the cook were of them, and the ugly one was just liked as much as the pretty one, although they called one 'the Beauty,' and the other 'the Waiting-maid,' for distinction. But now I have to tell you of the affection they had for each other; they, it appeared by the following account, made no distinction of rank or beauty either:—

One evening Beauty was on the perch alone; and so, after waiting for some time to see if the Waiting-maid would come in herself—for by this time they had extended their excursions to wherever they chose—the cook commenced looking for her, and, after trying the yard and out-

houses in vain, she inquired of every one if she had been seen lately by them. The only tidings she could obtain were, that the men who were thrashing had seen them both that day in the barn. The cook was in great tribulation, and so was Emily, as they both came to the conclusion that the dogs had chased and killed her; but just as the cook was putting the kitchen in order for the night, she discovered the poor little Waiting-maid sitting or rather lying in a corner, under the large table, quite unable to move. We supposed that she had been touched by a fall when in the barn, for she had no limbs broken, but she had lost the use of them, as if her back had got a hurt: we never could find out how she had contrived to come into the house afterwards. She was taken up tenderly, and placed on the roost. The next morning Beauty went forth alone. The Waiting-maid was quite helpless, and had to be carried on herself. Although the cook's friendship was difficult to obtain, yet, when once gained, it was very sincere, and to be depended on, which she proved in this instance; for she removed the invalid to her own room, which was boarded, and put her on the floor, with some hay to lie on, where she would not be annoyed by dogs, cats, or poultry, but could be perfectly quiet, perhaps too quiet; for, indeed, loneliness was all that she had any reason to complain of. But now a strange sight commenced; for Beauty—contrary to the usual customs of birds and beasts in general, which dislike those of their species who are sick or wounded, and often kill them—every morning, after she had taken a walk in the yard, came in, and making her way to the cook's room, sat down beside the Waiting-maid, where she remained all day; so that, one day happening to see them, I asked if Beauty was lame too; for she had her feet tucked up under her like the other, and sat there all day without stirring, until evening again, when she went out to air herself; and the moment the kitchen-door was opened for her, she ran to her sick companion, and sat beside her all night too, forsaking the perch altogether. For six weeks she tended her with the greatest diligence and care, invariably regular, and untired by the duty she had imposed upon herself. The good effects of sympathy and friendship soon appeared. The Waiting-maid began to look more cheerful and to pick a little after Beauty shared her sorrows; and she had the satisfaction in a short time to see her take a step or two along with her, and after that to go a little way into the yard with her. Invigorated by the fresh air, and a return to her natural habits, the Waiting-maid was in a week or two able to run about pretty smartly, and finally she had the power to fly up to her old perch in the kitchen. In these movements Beauty always attended the Waiting-maid as if delighted to see her well and happy. Now, they go on together as if no accident had occurred, reposing every night on the perch, to the great delight of Emily and the cook; and I suppose when Beauty lays her first egg, there will be as much rejoicing over her as there was over Barney Brady's goose.

Now, from the conduct of these little chickens two lessons may be learned. In the first place, their good conduct and civil deportment procured them kind friends, who aided them in their necessities. For it is not when we are in need of friends that we must make them; no, that is the time to prove the sincerity of their friendship. The second lesson is to be taken from the example of little Beauty, who was not only so affectionate and kind a nurse to her companion, but also never got tired of her occupation all the time that it was necessary. Now, I know that young people are not fond of being with those who are sick, and soon grow tired of attending them, and think it very wearisome to stay in a sick room. I would wish to know, when it is their turn to be sick, how they would like all their playfellows to go from them, and never come near or stop with them. They should remember to do as they would wish to be done by; and not only for a selfish reason would I wish them to consider their conduct, but, as their heavenly Father is merciful and good to them every day and every hour, they should also try to do all in their power to relieve the wants, and alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures; and if they are neglecting their duty in this respect, I would admonish them to remember Beauty.

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